emigrated to the far west.

Truly, our attention has been given to a family group whose history is suggestive and instructive. Samuel Waugh and Ann McGuire, his wife, imbued with the faith and energy so peculiar to the genuine Scotch-Irish, endured all that is implied in rearing a family of fourteen sons and daughters, and all living to be adults. The sons all lived to be grown, and not one was ever known to use tobacco or ardent spirits in any form. This seems scarcely credible, yet it is asserted to be a pleasing truth. Samuel Waugh was one of the original members of the old Mount Zion Church —one of the strongholds of its denomination for so many years. His history shows that in the face of pioneer hindrances and privations sons and daughters may be reared that may faithfully serve God and support their country in their day and generation.

JOSIAH BEARD.

So far as we have authentic information, the Beard relationship trace their ancestry to John Beard, the pioneer of Renicks Valley, Greenbrier County. He was of Scotch-Irish antecedents, his parents having migrated from the north of Ireland. While a young man he had his parental home in Augusta County, in the bounds of John Craig's congregation, and no doubt helped to build the old Stone Church and the forts spoken of elsewhere, and may have heard the very sermons Craig preached, opposing the people who were thinking of going back to Pennsylvania or over

the Blue Ridge towards Williamsburg.

His valley home was in the vicinity of New Hope, and after attaining his majority he came to Greenbrier County, and commenced keeping bachelor's hall at the head of Renicks Valley, on lands now occupied by Abram Beard, a grandson. This was about 1770, and though unmarried, John Beard secured land, built a cabin, and cleared ground for cropping.

While living in this isolated manner, some Indians came along and liberally helped themselves to whatever they could find in the way of something to eat; and when they went on their way took the pioneer's gun, dog, and only horse.

It so occurred that Mr Beard was absent that day. It is thought he had gone over to Sinking Creek on a social visit to the Wallace family, old neighbors in Augusta, and whose coming to Greenbrier possibly had its influence with the young bachelor.

When young Beard returned and saw what liberties his visitors had taken in his absence, he looked up the trail and started in pursuit. Upon following the sign for some miles in the direction of Spring Creek, he heard the horse's bell. Guided by the sound he came upon two Indians in camp. They seemed to be very sick, and Mr Beard supposed it was from over eating raw bacon and johnny cake they had taken from his own larder. One appeared to be convulsed with paroxysms of nausea; the other was lying before the fire vigorously rubbing his belly with a piece of bacon, on homeopathic principles that like cures like.

Seeing his own gun near a tree and his own dog ly-

ing by it, he crawled near to get the gun, but the dog fiercely growled, and he was forced to withdraw quietly as he came, and leave the two sick Indians unmolested. He thereupon went to his horse, silenced the bell and succeeded in getting the animal away.

About this time, or soon after, Mr Beard seemed to realize there was nothing in single blessedness for him and he and Miss Janet Wallace were married by taking a trip to Staunton and making their wishes known to the rector of the imperial parish that extended from the the Blue Ridge to the Pacific ocean. In their pioneer home in Renicks Valley they reared a numerous family of sons and daughters, one of the sons being Josiah Beard, lately of Locust Creek. This paper will be mainly for the illustration of his personal and family history, as his name appears so prominently in our county history. Mr Beard was the first Clerk of the County after its organization and served in that capacity during the formative period of the county's history.

His wife, Rachel Cameron Poage, was the eldest daughter of Major William Poage, of Marlins Bottom. The names of their children are given in the paper relating to Jacob Warwick and his descendants.

He was an expert hunter, and found recreation in hunting deer upon the hills and ridges that make Huntersville scenery so picturesque. He killed scores of fine deer during his residence at the court house, and rarely went beyond the immediate vicinity in quest of game, unless it would be occasional visits to Marlins Bottom for a chase. It proved however that there were attractions to draw him there of a more pleasant

and romantic nature.

He seemed to have his own ideas as to how he could best promote the interests of the county, and would sometimes carry them out. While residing at Locust Creek he set out one morning to attend court. On the way near his home he discovered fresh wolf signs. He hastened back, got his gun and called up the dogs, and sent Aaron, a colored servant, who was also a skilful hunter and a dead shot, to beat the laurel brake and drive out the wolves. Quite a number were killed and the pack retreated from the neighborhood so far back into the mountains as to give no further trouble.

In the meanti ne, court met and adjourned owing to the absence of the clerk. That official however was present next morning and explained the reasons of his absence, believing it would do the people more good to have the wolves killed and scattered than to hold court that day. Court could meet most any time, but it was not every day that such a good chance to kill wolves could be had.

He was a stanch friend of education, and was one of the first trustees of the Pocahontas Academy at Hillsboro, and one of its most faithful patrons and wise counselors. In business affairs he was successful, and in a quiet, judicious, industrious manner acquired a very extensive landed estate; the larger proportion of which is yet in the possession of his descendants.

His passion for hunting was strong to the last. Every fall he would get restless, and nothing but a hunt would quiet him. One of the last excursions to the mountains, though far advanced in age, he was the

only one that killed a deer. On his return he would chaff his younger associates by telling all he met on the way that the young men had taken him along to kill their meat for them.

He retained remarkable bodily vigor to the age of four score and over; and his mental faculties were unimpaired to the last. Not many days before his final illness that closed his life, he felt it his duty to see the county surveyor on important business—as he believed it to be—and should be attended to without delay. He went from his home on Locust Creek to Mr Baxter's near Edray, about twenty miles distant, and returned —a cold, raw day it was, too. He overtaxed his endurance by the ride. He soon became sick, and peacefully passed from his long and useful life.

In his life was exemplified the highest type of the citizen—a pious, intelligent cultivator of the soil—the occupation for which the Creator saw fit in his wisdom to create the first man. It is the occupation now that feeds the world, and whatever hinders, depresses, or retards the farmers prosperity, threatens the worst evils that can befall our humanity.

DAVID JAMES.

David James, Senior, was one of the first settlers of the Droop neighborhood, in Lower Pocahontas. He was from Norfolk, Virginia. It is believed he came here soon after the Revolution, and located for awhile near the head of Trump Run, on property now owned by Richard Callison. He then lived some years at the